
Title: Ashlath the Fiend

Author: Ashlath

Book of Fours

The Final

I am Ashlath the Four
Fold Fiend. Long have I
spent my mortal days
practising the mental arts
of philosophy, religion,
history and the arcane
sciences and yet I
remained empty within
never having found my
salvation, my desires, my
wishes my destiny.

Trapped in a logic puzzle
for ages I have been
unable to solve the
riddles of existence.
Doomed to repeat myself
my life has been cut off
at the fourth stage.
Birth to adulthood to old
age I have been denied
the fourth experience of
death.

Four is the number of
my destiny, four limbs,
four segments to my
mind, four victims, four
attempts at success to
four failures.

But alas I have found a
way to escape. I have
found a way to leave my
wretched existence... in
four days.

Four jars sit on my
work desk surrounded by
four chairs. I shift from

one to another at times,
if feels wrong to just
use one of them.

I have used the bottom
four ribs from a set of
quadruplet born children
to create my tools. One
knife, one fork, one clamp
and one scooper. Four
tools to break myself
from this life.

Separating my skull I
remove the segments of
my mind and place each
within stone jars made
of volcanic obsidian. These
tools serve me well, how
smooth they feel in my
hands. Sealing the jars
with wax I turn the lid
four times so that the
electric blue fluids do not
spoil, my minds float in
the preservation canisters
as I pace around the
table four times
clockwise.

This is it, this is it, this
is it, this is it.
Four times four times
four times four Two
hundred and fifty six
years to the day.

There, now I lay on the
floor, each hand pointing
to a polar co-ordinate,
how amusing. There, my
Ba is separating from my
Ka. Two parts of the
soul trying to reach their
respected destinations.
My fading eyesight lets
me see the jars on my
table, the symbols carved
into the black stone.
Have I fallen on my
pentagram?